

Bridge, preface

Of all things that leave the earth
by engineering or belief,
crowds of concrete and steel beams
sunk into the river's side--I'll hide under the arc
hanging there in the air or walk across
to suspend the proximity of sky--
I don't want to talk about love
except when on a bridge

You tell me to listen to car wheels on steel grating

Some people jump and confess to falling
I prefer my landings invisible

The lift span in September while watching
barges and tugs, bicycles and birds--
there, you say, over there, arm extended
and pointing, there--
all the rest of the world.

--Kirsten Rian